

His Responsibility by DeathByShyKid

Series: [Harrington and his Stupid Kids \(One-Shots\) \[1\]](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Language: English

Characters: Dustin Henderson, Eleven (Stranger Things), Jim "Chief" Hopper, Jonathan Byers, Joyce Byers, Lucas Sinclair, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Mike Wheeler, Nancy Wheeler, Steve Harrington, The Stranger Things Kids, Will Byers

Relationships: Eleven & Steve Harrington & Dustin Henderson, Jonathan Byers & Steve Harrington, Joyce Byers & Steve Harrington, Steve Harrington & Dustin Henderson, Steve Harrington & Jim "Chief" Hopper, Steve Harrington & Lucas Sinclair, Steve Harrington & Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Steve Harrington & Mike Wheeler, Steve Harrington & Nancy Wheeler, Steve Harrington & The Stranger Things Kids, Will Byers & Steve Harrington

Status: Completed

Published: 2017-12-16

Updated: 2017-12-16

Packaged: 2022-04-03 14:48:44

Rating: Teen And Up Audiences

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,313

Publisher: [archiveofourown.org](#)

Summary:

Everyone knew that when the group was out and about, the kids were Steve's responsibility.

His Responsibility

Everyone knew that when the entire group – parents, teenagers, and kids alive – were out and about, the kids were *mostly* Steve's responsibility. Those energetic little shits listened to Steve more often than to someone like Nancy or Jonathan, a feat in and of itself since it seemed those two were more responsible than someone like Steve. They'd obviously never seen his overprotective side, almost definitely directed at the rambunctious kids that just adored him all the same.

Hopper can remember one incident that is most prominent in his mind.

It was about seven months after the gate had been closed and things had evened out, well, *mostly*. Joyce and Nancy had wanted to go shopping for a little while, just to have a little fun with some extra money that had acquired as of lately. They thought that it would be nice to bring the kids along. However, they knew just how much those six could get into trouble just by breathing. Steve instantly came to mind, his babysitter skills starting to get better and better as he spent more time with those 'dipshits', as he likes to call them.

Of course, Joyce invited Hopper to join them and almost practically dragging Jonathan into the shopping trip for Nancy's sake, the two have started to official date in the last few months. So, the time and date were made.

The kids, within an hour or two of walking around the halls of the shopping mall, got pretty bored and had started to complain. Hopper can still hear their whining voices in his head when he thinks about this day:

"Ugh, there is nothing to do."

"I'm *bored!*"

"I can't believe they won't even let me *skateboard* in here."

"This is shut bullshit."

"Are we going to do anything *fun*?"

"I'm so *bored*!"

"Isn't there *anything* that we can do in here?"

"Can we please *leave*?"

"This is *boring*."

Hopper is pretty sure that the word 'bored' and 'boring' became his least favorite word afterward. Those six couldn't stop complaining about the lack of things to do. Sure, there was a comic book store for them to browse around in but the boys adamantly exclaimed they'd already read most of them. Eleven liked the pictures in the comic books but didn't understand a lot of the words in them, often asking what certain words meant. Max wasn't really a 'comic book' kind of girl, enjoying certain types of novels and that was about it for her reading extravaganza.

So, it was no wonder that the little heathens start to talk about ditching the mall to go to the arcade or maybe the new diner in town.

"I have some quarters on me right now. I think it'd be enough to play at *least* six games of Dig Dug." Max started, pointing at the change in her palms.

"Oh, I have a bunch at my house!" Lucas pointed out, "We could stop there and grab them."

Dustin nodded enthusiastically, "And after, we could get burgers and shakes."

Will beamed at the thought of shakes, looking awestruck for a second or two, "I want a strawberry shake!"

Mike turned to Eleven, "What do you think about it, El?"

She smiled at him, bobbing her head slowly, "Yes."

The not-so-unofficial leader of their party nodded his head, "Then it's

settled, we go to the arcade and then the diner."

"Wait!" Dustin suddenly called out, "What about Hopper and Joyce?"

"What about them?" The redhead raised an eyebrow, crossing her arms over her chest.

"I doubt that they will just let us walk out of here." He said back.

"Why don't we just ask?" Will piped up, already looking like he was heading towards the adults' direction, "They could drop us off there and come back to shop."

The six of them stopped for a second before running up behind the two adults. "Hopper! Hopper!" Some of them called out. "Mrs. Byers! Mrs. Byers!" Others spoke out. The adults blinked and turned around.

"What are you kids up to this time?" Hopper grumbled looking at a gray shirt with bold, red lettering that read 'Dad's Gun Show'. There were white arrows pointing towards the armholes of the shirt. He snorted at the thought, Eleven instantly coming to mind.

"Can we go to the arcade?!" Dustin shouted out excitedly, "We've got change and stuff so you wouldn't have to pay for it!"

"Yeah! Yeah! And maybe we can go to that new diner afterward?" Max pleaded with her wide eyes, looking like she had never done something wrong in her entire life.

Hopper and Joyce exchanged a look, the former looking a little reserved while the latter was amused. Joyce smiled, staring at the six children, "I don't mind. Hop?" She turned to him now, searching for his answer.

He shuffled through a few more shirts, keeping silent for a few seconds. Hopper knew almost immediately that begging puppy-dog eyes stared intently at him. The sheriff sighed, "I'm don't know, go ask Steve."

A light bulb nearly went off in their heads. They stared at each other with pure child's joy bouncing in between each other. The six of them turned and ran off to where the three teenagers were talking amongst

themselves near some belts in the corner of the store. "Steve! Steve!" They shouted out excitedly, getting dirty looks from other customers and employees.

"Hey, didn't anyone teach you to use your inside voices when out in public?" Steve lectured once the kids got closer, hand on his hip.

"Sorry." They mumbled out almost simultaneously. Jonathan and Nancy chuckled behind the self-appointed-babysitter. They never could figure out where this parental energy came from in Steve; they didn't think he had it in him to take care of six heathens while keeping them in line.

He rolled his eyes, "Now, what do you shitheads want?"

"We're bored." Eleven quietly said, pointing towards the exit, "Fun."

"Can you *please* take us to the arcade?" Max grinned up at the older boy.

"Did you ask Mrs. Byers or Hopper?" Steve raised a critical eyebrow, looking more and more like a stern parent as time passed. Jonathan and Nancy were having a hard time keeping their smiles and chuckles at bay.

Lucas bobbed his head quickly, pointing at their babysitter, "Yeah, but Hopper told us to ask you."

The teenagers stopped, looking in between each other, thoroughly shocked at the statement. Steve searched their faces, Nancy giving him a shrug of 'I-have-no-idea-what-to-say' and Jonathan just looking completely frozen.

"Well?" Mike impatiently said, giving that know-it-all-Wheeler-look Steve had become acquainted with on quite a few occasions.

The brunette thought for a second before sighing, looking defeated, "Yeah, sure."

"Yes!" The kids cheered.

"Can we get burgers and shakes too, at that new diner?" Will

questioned with wide awestruck eyes.

Steve had always found it hard to turn Will down, "Yeah, I guess so." He pulled out his keys and twirled them for a second. The six kids got to message, cheering and giggling amongst themselves while starting to head for the exit in record time. The brunette waved at Jonathan and Nancy, "See you later."

"Have fun!" She grinned back.

He headed for Joyce and Hopper next. "What time do you want the shitheads back?" Steve raised an eyebrow in question.

"Six is fine." The older woman smiled warmly, "Make sure that they don't spend all their money too."

"I'll try but they do tend to get away from me at the arcade with all their running about." He chuckled, turning to Hopper, "Is six okay for you?"

Hopper nodded, smirking slightly, "Yeah, but remember, they're *you're* responsibility. At least for now."

Steve smiled, "I'll make sure that they won't do anything stupid." With that, he headed for the parking lot where six excited children waited impatiently for him by his car.